Prison Island Break: Season Two

By: Breech Loader

The OFFICIAL continuation of Prison Island Break. Sonic still wants to break out of Prison Island Penitentiary with his buddies, but things are getting horribly complicated. Shadow finds himself losing his inner monster, and Silver needs to get a lot stronger. Tension within the team rises and survival is no longer a given. Abuse, M/F, M/M, N/C, Tort, Slave, Violence, Death.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2013-12-17

Updated: 2019-06-23

Words: 284191

Chapters: 84

Rated: Fiction M - Language: English - Genre: Crime/Suspense - Characters: Sonic, Shadow, Silver, Scourge - Reviews: 1,435 - Favs: 194 - Follows: 188

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/9933167/1/Prison-Island-Break-Season-Two

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A Real Scourge

Prison Island Break: Season Two

By Breech Loader (And SonicFrank)

Breech: SonicFrank's interest in writing this story has been dwindling steadily over the past couple of months. So I'm taking it on full time. Now it won't interfere with his exercise regime or job. Meanwhile I have no life AT ALL, so I've got plenty of time to write. This is the last chapter we truly wrote together.

Welcome to Season Two of Prison Island Break; an AU fanfiction. It's the Sonic Cast - In Prison! This story is not for the weak of stomach. It contains bad language, violence, and rape. Hell, there's rape in this chapter, right off the bat. And people will die.

Are you new here? Then I have advice for you before you start - read "Prison Island Break" first. And review it. If you don't do so, it's not my fault if you have a hard time understanding Prison Island Break Season Two. If you have trouble finding the first, it's in my Favourites.

For those of you who AREN'T new, the first 'Season' will not be updated any more; however the story itself continuing on this account - and it has a long, LONG way to go. You're going to have to press the Follow/Favourite button for this fanfic to keep track of this story. Go on, I'll wait!

Chapter Fifty-Two: A Real Scourge

Shadow was already starting to come around from the sedatives that had laid him down in the Infirmary. He was dizzy, but he was also aware that he was being dragged by the ankles. He reached for a

weapon instinctively, but realised that he was cuffed. Also, he'd just been given that search. His mind rewound through his last few memories - trying to kill Snivelly for trying to touch *his* Doctor, hesitating when she had distracted him, and then getting doped up. There was only one possible consequence for attacking an officer…

The black and red hedgehog started struggling, but the guards just held one ankle each tighter, dragging his head bumpily along the floor. He was being dragged past several cells and convicts, but that didn't moderate his yells, "Oh SHIT! You're not taking me THERE!" he started yelling, even as his voice slurred slightly from the drugs.

Hole Number Three. As the reality of the situation dawned on him, the memories began to stack up. The odour. The filth on the floor. The dim lighting. About 99.9% of the convicts only knew the place as a corrupted myth. But Shadow was one of the very few who knew it first-hand. He had felt the pain. Tasted the funk. Spilled his dignity. He even recognized old markings on the tiles as being some of his own; where he'd scratched and clawed the other times he'd been dragged here. It was futile, but he *had* to fight to try and stay out. Because once he was in, there was no coming out. Not without being punished by the wicked. By the brute. By the insane. By the Scourge…

The few inmates who had seen him dragged away were murmuring among themselves. Seeing him taken away was the closest they would get to seeing what would happen within the Hole. Them being there only prompted Shadow to struggle harder against the guards, screaming at them, "BASTARDS! YOU TAKE ME THERE AND YOU SAY I'M THE FUCKING MONSTER! YOU SAY IT! I KNOW YOU DO! I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME! DON'T YOU DARE! DON'T YOU *DARE!* " The door to the main prison slammed behind him, but he didn't stop screaming and kicking, loud enough to be heard even past a steel door for a while, "YOU'RE GONNA DIE FOR THIS!"

Mephiles' voice, ghastly and benign, spoke up, revealing him to be one of the dragging guards, pulling him along the increasing filth of

the floor. "On the contrary, Shadow Robotnik, you're not expected to survive this time…" He heard the door open, and the foul funk of the dank cell hit him right in the face. He was going in.

There were three cells here. Usually when somebody was put in here, it was on a cool-down. All the way up to a fortnight at a time, which wasn't supposed to happen but had done so. But he was being dragged towards the one that *mattered* . Hole Three. Devil-blue eyes shone in the darkness, and met fiery red. Shadow flashed a look at Mephiles, "I *will* kill you," he hissed at the warden, "For everything you have done to me, and to all others, I will kill you. Myself. Because I'm *better* than you." He summoned up any possible dignity he could, before being pushed in.

It was as if the cell door had a personality all of its own. A black sense of humour that made a mockery of him. Because when it shut, it did so with stern, unrepentant authority. It kept the light out, and the stench in. It held divine freedom within an inch of Shadow's grasp, but was too sturdy and cruel to let him feel it. And it imprisoned him in with that voice.

"Somebody's been put on the *naughty list*…"

The little amount of light allowed in the cell through the food slot served only to make the shadows deeper. Shadow's wrists were still cuffed behind him, because if they hadn't been, one of the two hedgehogs now in this small, filthy little box would already be dead. Shadow knew that Solitary cells were only cleaned out about once a fortnight, and a lot of shit could build up in that time, "Goddammit… *Scourge*…"

"Such shame… such disgrace!" he heard the other monster mutter, from somewhere directly in front of him. The cell was so small that even had Shadow's hands been free he could barely have stretched his arms out. Yet the green devil was able to shroud himself within the darkness; hide in a way that kept his red-streaked playmate from pinpointing his exact location. "A princess is meant to be very, very good…"

One of Shadow's greatest fears was that this hole would successfully break him. That one day, he would come in here and just let himself tune out to a blank space and just let it happen. Let it break him, and become obedient and quiet. Or worse, he might never tune back in again, "Yeah? Well that that may be well and good for princesses, but I'm nobody's princess, ass-bandit!"

"Atta girl, Princess! Be a bad girl! Be a…" There was a pause, before Shadow felt musky, disgusting breath sneak up from behind him, right onto his ear. He swore he felt a tongue flicker on his neck too. "Quean!"

"Shit!" Shadow pulled away fast. Standing up when your hands were cuffed behind your back was a lot harder than it sounded, but he pressed his back against a wall, trying to keep Scourge in his line of sight. He was already breathing fast. Scourge knew that in this position he was afraid, despite his resistance, "If you touch me, I'll kick your damn stomach out your spine!"

"Queans are powerful… Queans are strong… But she can't be a Quean until her Daddy says so…" Scourge wagged his finger, "Daddy's little girl…" He was toying with him. Again. Misery and agony was just a game to him in this place…

The irony of the situation had a tendency to go right over Shadow's head.

He spat in Scourge's face. He knew what would come. But he also knew that he must resist it every moment of the way, for as long as he could. Mephiles only knew what went on from what he saw afterwards. He hoped this would be Shadow's last visit *every* time. Shadow knew damn well that what would kill him would be quitting the fight. He hated to think like this. It was a matter of survival. Him versus Scourge, and a constant struggle to find out just how much of his dignity he would be stripped of this time, "Leave… me… *alone*…" he snarled, pulling back again.

He heard a tongue licking lips. The familiar meshing of saliva. Was Scourge licking the spit off his face? He couldn't tell. But the thought of it made his stomach churn. "Poor little Princess… So improper. So uncouth! Let Daddy teach her to curtsey!" And then it happened. The stinging lash of Scourge's hand across Shadow's face, mocking him.

Shadow staggered. He knew for a fact that when Scourge was washed, it was with a fire hose. In his current situation he had no access to grooming, and his nails had scratched the black and red hedgehog's cheek. Backhanded him like a bitch, "I'll not bow to you, you sick sonnuva whore…" He backed away some more. Then he realised that he had backed himself into a corner, "Never!"

"Manners! Etiquette!" Scourge yelled, angrily and amused, as if role-playing. "Curtsey for your Daddy!" A neck-grab. Another slap. More stinging. More burn. The cold floor. Shadow had fallen. And before he could stand, he was kicked. Stepped on. Stood on. Dominated. "All hail the King, Baby!"

"Fuck you!" Shadow grunted at a kick to the gut, "What, you think I'm just gonna let you do this?!" There was another kick, and it was hard enough that he threw up a little, "You, Scourge… your only reason to live is me!" He tried to get further into the corner, hacking up bile, "Without me to punish, you're nothing but another goddamn Judas Shooter!"

"Little Miss Princess requires formal lessons… Little Miss Princess could use some royal class!" Shadow felt the sudden weight, the crash, the repugnant stench overcoming him as Scourge dove onto him and joined him on the floor. Yanking on his quills. Biting razor-sharp teeth along his face. "Mmm, how pretty she will run, when all the commoners see what she's become…"

Shadow stared for several long moments at the cold concrete he was being pressed against, trying to catch some breath and some dignity, "I am Shadow the Hedgehog. I belong to nobody but myself. That is who I am!" He looked up at Scourge. Into those shining eyes, sapphire blue and bright. His own cheeks were pale enough that

they too shone in what little light there was in the cell. He could handle pain; endless pain. But he was proud and this… oh damn… this was what really hurt, "I'm not yours… just leave me alone…"

"The Little Princess has a Daddy… And her Daddy, the King, RUNS THIS MOTHERFUCKER!" And then he bit down on Shadow's face. Hard. Drawing blood. The adrenaline began to rush as Scourge started kneeing his gut, slamming his head against the floor so hard and loud that the guards cackling outside could hear, and his prison clothes, stitched tight, began to shred. Just like that, it was a bloody mess, and the uncaring cell only mocked Shadow further.

Shadow tried to keep from crying out. He managed it as long as he remembered what was outside the cell. But it kept going. He was still fighting mentally. He would always fight it. But he was crying out at the punches, and the bites, the clawing grip, as he was slammed against the floor again and again, "Oh shit! Oh GOD! GOD YOU BASTARD! GAH!" Outside this cell he could fight Scourge. He might even beat him. Either way, the green hedgehog certainly wouldn't be in a condition to fuck him when he was done. But with his hands restrained so securely behind his back, he could only try and kick out to defend himself, and Scourge had learnt to keep out of the way of those strong legs, "Bastard! You BASTARD!" He could feel blood on his face, and in his mouth, and where his clothes were being torn by Scourge's nails.

Long nails. Sharp. Dirty, like the rest of him. Shadow was helpless enough as it was, but with his clothes being ripped off, and his body being battered vilely, he felt the most pathetic, worthless feeling of all. He felt helpless. Like any one of his many victims felt when they were held down, beaten and unclothed. "I RUN THIS BITCH!" Scourge yelled, though Shadow still felt as if he wasn't being addressed. Like he wasn't worthy of being talked to. "I King over this! And this… is my Fairy Fucking Princess…" Shadow felt the back of his neck being licked.

"No…" Shadow grimaced, shuddering at the wet touch, "No, I will never be yours, Scourge… I will never give in, I will never…" he spat

out some blood, and started struggling violently, hard and fierce, savagely enough that he managed to throw Scourge off and get to his knees, gasping. He felt the helplessness twisting inside and a choke hitched up inside, "I'm not, I'm not…" he slumped against the cold wall, "So you had better damn well stop before I kill you…"

He could almost feel the smirk creeping up on the green demon's face. The more Shadow struggled, the more entertaining he was… But the more he didn't struggle, the more he'd be broken. This was a game to Scourge. A game where nobody won, but him… "Pretty Princess is a good girl. Pretty Princess earned a Pony Ride… With DADDY!" And just like that, Shadow was on his back again. Being overcome. Being taken. Being bitched. And with his hands cuffed behind his back and the space of the cell that he was unfamiliar with, there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. "Hail to the King, Baby…" Scourge's smirk was venomous…

Prison Island had an impervious, structured rank system. And absolutely everyone on it, both official and inmate alike, had an assigned position in that structure. From the lowest of fish to Director Eggman, everyone had a spot. Everyone had worth. But only a select few had power. And even fewer had rights. At the top of the food chain was Vector, who ruled Prison Island even as a captive. For him, his rights extended to what most inmates considered 'privileges'. Rights that couldn't be taken away from him even if the highest of officials tried. Visitations were at the top of his demands.

He sat still, calm, contemplative as he waited in the visitation hall. News from the outside was of utmost importance; the messengers came to him, and he sent them out with new objectives; new orders, new commands. To run the Mafia was one thing. To control it with wit and experience was another. Without him, everything would go to Hell. The streets would become victim to a bloodbath of impudent morons trying to achieve power by means of excessive violence. No money would be made in the process. Only death and suffering;

unnecessary at that. Organised Crime required a mastermind. That mastermind was Vector.

And more than that, it was imperative that he kept it that way. If it became so that he was not needed to run the Mafia; that it could be done just as well, or better, by somebody on the outside, then his lifespan in here would become briefer than the wing-beat of a butterfly. He must be needed to survive. It was true for all leaders, but doubly so for those in the more violent professions.

Espio sat beside him, cool and collected as well. Silent. Striking necessary fear into anyone who looked their way. Loyal to the end.

Armani 'Mighty' Dilio was now pushing two tables together, before taking his seat. The armadillo was another of Vector's most trusted colleagues, while at the same time he had taken just enough hits to the head to not be an intellectual threat. He was everything a mob boss could look for in an outside contact. Next to him was sitting a young Bee, whom Vector had never met before, with a grin all over his face.

"Bossman," Mighty acknowledged his employer in his thick Mexican accent. After all, it was Vector's bank account he was paid out of.

Vector was looking down at his newspaper; one brought to him by Mighty. The kind not readily available on Prison Island. The first of a stack, built up from the last time he was paid a visit. Information was power, and Vector required the papers to know. Unbeknownst to the Bee, the Boss's lack of eye contact was a means of mental stimulation. No eye contact made people feel unattained to; it kept them on their toes. And it made anytime Vector did make eye-contact extremely intimidating. "Good to see you again, Mighty. Life on the outside's going well for you?" It was a question of etiquette, masking a heavy dose of checking up. What Vector was really asking is if everything's gone smoothly; if the armadillo's fucked anything up.

"Everything's goin' great, Boss. Business is smooth - no hiccups, no changes in upper management, y'know…" Mighty knew all the

etiquette, "Things goin' smoothly in here?" What he meant by that, of course, was whether Vector was getting the comforts he desired, and the contacts he needed, or if Mighty had to make any 'calls', "News says there's been a coup'la new arrivals in here and all."

The intimidation effect didn't seem to be having the usual effect on the bee, who was bouncing up and down in his chair somewhat, eager to enter the conversation.

The silent chameleon beside Vector kept a hard stare on the bee, unprovocative but filled with warning. According to the natural order of things, a stealthy reptile like himself would make a meal out of an insect like the one before him. And whoopin' he'd receive if he spoke out of line, or even annoyed the Boss in the slightest.

"That friend of yours is planning Parole Plan B," Vector spoke to Mighty, though his eyes never left the paper. The page turned. "He's gathered a team of cohorts, to cover every corner, tie up every loose end. He's clever. But he's got no respect. Not even the courtesy to invite me'n Espio a spot. I'm gonna rectify it personally. But I want insurance. His Life Insurance. His family. I want names, faces, addresses, occupations. Close friends, too. Who's the bee?"

Mighty nodded at the request from Vector, "Son of a Legitimate Businesswoman…" he tapped a business heralds. The front page read 'Honeybee Industries plans Global Expansion'. "She's lookin' to have a head-start on her competitors. This is her son, Charmee Bee."

"Hey, Partner!" Charmee grinned.

Mighty held up a hand before the bee could be turned inside-out, "Yeah, I know he acts as sharp as a bucket but he's got some serious smarts when it comes to dealing with finances. His mom thinks he needs some responsibilities and discipline. She sent him with me as a show of trust."

Vector remained quiet for a moment. Nobody could tell what he was thinking about. Was it the paper? Was it the information Mighty had just given him? Was it the bee's hello? Was it something else entirely? No one could tell. Espio, though, had a very direct reaction. His eyes tightened their threatening gaze, angered that the newcomer had referred to the Boss as anything beneath his illustrious rank. If anything, the label of 'partner' that the bee had addressed him with was an undeserved demotion. And if Vector showed any signs of nuisance on the matter, Espio would do something about it.

"So why's he here?" the large croc asked, only turning his head to scan the page before him.

"Kid, you're gonna call Bossman Vector 'Sir'," Mighty warned Charmee. The Bee looked a little chastised, but still excited as Mighty turned back to Vector, "He keeps getting into DUI and D&D," Mighty pointed out, "But Mrs Bee needs him to learn good manners and get all responsible before she lets him take over her business… Y'see, he definitely never, ever shot nobody."

"Yessir," Charmee was bouncing still, "Mom figures we can all make a profit and I did the math and stuff and figured I can get your affiliations paying about half in taxes as what ya do right now."

Vector got the message. And he turned another page. Suddenly, just like that, the new guy was elated, because the Boss spoke to him directly. "Tell me why you're here."

"Well…" Charmee sagged a little, "Mom's expandin' her business…" he remembered himeslf, "Sir. And she thinks you could help her. And I could help you help her. And you could help me. And when I take over from her in a few years, when I'm all responsible, I could help you out some more. 'Cus she's goin' global, and there's all that pesky competition." Honeybee Industries was a huge company, and it dealt mostly in electronics. But so did lots of companies, so it had competition even when it was right at the top. It was renowned for

bullying smaller companies into bankruptcy or just swallowing them up, but that was tougher to do with its rivals.

"And your mother is proposing a partnership?" Vector asked, right to the point again.

"She didn't say partnership," Charmee paused and remembered again, "Sir. She said 'Mutually beneficial arrangements resulting in a partnership if such arrangements show it's profitable to both parties'. I figure it'd be profitable in about six months. She thought she could show you an example of my work" He pushed forward some papers. They were written in a terrible scrawl, but they showed how one of Vector's smaller affiliations could cut their taxes by a third.

"Apparently he had a hangover at the time," Mighty chipped in, "He's got no discipline, Boss. And he definitely never shot a guy. Definitely. But I knew you'd be interested."

"My mom also says we can share some of our lawyers," Charmee added.

Vector stood quiet again. Reading. Contemplating. Hashing things out in his head. "Espio, why don't you ask the question? I don't feel like askin'."

Espio moved even less than his Boss. But finally spoke up. "The Boss wants to know why you're here and not your mother. Your calculations are of no use to him; he's no illiterate. He could have made them on his own. You're of no use to him whatsoever when you're not the direct source. Proper Business Etiquette would involve both Head Parties, not a messenger who knows how to count. He'd also like to know why Mighty chose to waste his time by bringing you, and not the C.E.O. of Bumblebee Industries herself. Is the Boss not worthy of her time?" He asked, as if having a direct link to the croc's mind. "These questions require no verbal answers. Prove your worth. When he next visits, Mighty will return with a full report of your progress. As for you, the Boss will summon a revisit from you if he deems it worthwhile."

"Until then, Mighty's gonna keep an eye on you. Don't shoot anyone," Vector told him, still without raising his head to look at either one of them.

"Mom said you'd ask that," Charmee replied, "She wants you to meet me first 'cus of the discipline things. And then if the discipline thing works out, I can get some responsibilities from her."

"He's 16. Boss. His mom wants him take over Honeybee Industries when he's 20, but she's worried about him taking on Meth first," Mighty explained, "The partnership's up as an offer when he can come to work without a hangover. And she wants him to learn his business acumen from Legitimate Businessmen like you. It's not my decision, but I'm seeing some serious potential in the offer," he added.

"So I'm wanted as a babysitter," Vector replied. The paper was finally placed down, and Vector looked toward Mighty. "This is why I can't put you in charge, Mighty. You're a good sport; you've never let me down when it comes to brawn, or followin' orders. But when it comes to thinking for yourself, making choices, you always crack. But now the kid's in, ain't he? We gotta commit. So if you're not right about all this, you better make yourself right. If the kid messes up, you've messed up. You're good at what you do, Mighty. I know you're gonna ask if I need you in here. If you should stack yourself a few more years. But don't, because the answer's no. Espio's got it all under control."

Mighty sagged. Vector was right; he had been ready to ask that, later, "I'll keep a good eye on the kid, Boss. And Honeybee Industries too. I guess he's in… but that puts his mom in too. Remember that Celeb scandal with the credit card crap about six months back? That kept this kid's trial outta the papers. Guess who had the political strength to set that up?"

"Ain't nothin' people like to read about better'n Celebs getting their lives shat on!" Charmee agreed, bouncing up and down in his seat.

"You've always had, and always will, have potential, Mighty. Your instincts are good, and I trust you." Vector nodded, going back to his paper, "But the way things are these days, you're just not needed. So stay out there, and keep moving forward toward proving you can lead. Or at least fit in. At the end of the day, you're not necessary."

He listened to the chastened Armadillo continue with his updates.

Back in Hole Number Three, time had blurred. For some lucky few, it could whirr past. Others felt it drag on endlessly. Without sun or clocks, there was only the beating of the heart to tell you how long it had been.

Shadow's body was one big, bloody ache.

The black and red hedgehog was laying face-down in filth, his pants dragged around his ankles, his jacket torn open and his shirt shredded, with his hands still cuffed behind his back. He was covered in blood from cuts both shallow and deep, and cum stained his back. He was breathing hard and fast. Even now that the weight was off him, he let out a brief yell every so often, to keep himself focused and stop him from simply drifting away. He turned to glance up at the grinning Scourge, with a look of hatred, but it was smeared with pain. Most shamefully of all, salty tears were mixing with the blood tricking down his face.

"I… I'm still in here!" he insisted desperately, both to Scourge and himself. His breath was rapid and shallow, "Still here! Still here!"

All the while, his violator had not stopped talking. Of obscenities, of nonsense, of topics that had no relation to what he'd been doing; to what pain and misery he'd been inflicting. Even the Corrections Officers who ran the prison wouldn't get away with not addressing Shadow directly; with treating him like a washrag for them to smear their stains on without so much as a pardon. But Scourge provided the ultimate humiliation; the ultimate degradation. And what's worse? He got away with it every time. He made Shadow feel dirty inside.

Because thanks to the mistreatment he'd suffered at the green devil's hands, his insides were filthy. The green hedgehog's semen was inside him, and stained his insides as much as it stained his soul. All the while, Scourge just sang. And hit. And laughed. And raped…

Shadow rested his forehead against the floor for a few moments, breathing in deeply. His body was all but shattering in pain. It had taken several hours of beating from Scourge to force him into enough submission to properly fuck him, but with the black and red hedgehog restrained he had succeeded once again. Remembering that green shaft had been inside children too made Shadow vomit all over again. He yelled out, "I hate you!" he managed. Then, he curled up slightly, cringing, gritting his teeth. Inside, he felt stained beyond all reckoning. A choking sob left him, "I hate… hate… HATE YOU!" He knew from experience that once was never enough for Scourge. He wondered if Mephiles really was going to make him die in this black little hell this time.

Scourge was whistling. Some song or other; Shadow knew the tune, but didn't bother placing what the actual song was. He had possession of one of his victim's shoes, which he tossed up and down nonchalantly. And then he sang. Shadow recognized what he'd been whistling, now. And it was even more taunting, "Hey Pretty Princess, don't you cry… Daddy's gonna wipe those tears so dry… And since that slap he wipes will sting… Daddy's gonna make you call 'im KING! Heh heh…"

"Fuck… you don't rule… anything… outside of this damn hole…" Shadow was shaking, and his voice was hoarse from screaming, "You're wrong, and sick, and you're not my Daddy and you're not my King…" His face looked all the worse for that he couldn't wipe anything off it. Blood kept getting in his eyes. He kept feeling himself slipping away and he grasped it back frantically, "And… and you know what? I'm gonna be getting… getting out of here soon… And you won't be needed!"

Scourge paused his singing, then pulled Shadow to his knees by his quills roughly. He gave Shadow a slap to the face that split his lip with his own shoe, then dropped the gasping hedgehog back down. Then he continued singing, "And if this reigning King don't shine, Daddy's gonna make that Princess whine…" It was as if he was not hearing a word Shadow was saying. As if nothing Shadow said or did or was, mattered. As if Shadow himself had no worth at all.

"SHUT *UP!* SHUT *UP!* SHUT *UP!"* Shadow wailed.

"And since she likes to cry when it hurts… Daddy's gonna take that cunt of hers…" Shadow felt a foot push against his face, digging into his cheek, "Oh dear little Princess! Break time's over! Rise and shine to play with Daddy some more!" Scourge walked on him. Literally walked on him. One foot on his face, the other on his upper back, the following step on his sore ass. "What fun Daddy has with his little Fairy!"

"I'M NOT YOURS!" Shadow screamed again, and then gave another sob as his face was trodden into where he had vomited. Then he cried out again as his stained and painful ass was trodden on. Scourge was rough enough to make it bleed, "OH GOD! I… I…" he choked it up, "You… stop…" It always reached this point, sooner or later. The point where he had to choose between resisting mentally or physically, and mental self-control always won. He had to focus his mind with all his strength, and it meant he couldn't fight back physically. In some ways Scourge reminded him of the McDonalds, the difference being that he wasn't able to *kill* Scourge, "STOP IT AND LEAVE ME ALONE!" he screamed desperately, laying limp.

The familiar thump of the green body before him dropping down upon him sounded, and around him were wrapped the creeping hands that searched through his chest fur, even playing with his nipples as if Shadow were a pathetic woman. The bite of the ear followed. Then a slip of the tongue. That accursed, salivated licking. And that abominable whispering. "Or what, *princess?* " Scourge asked mockingly.

Shadow had no answer for that. He just yelled out to keep himself from breaking completely. The bite on his ear was far from a playful nip; it drew blood. Scourge was grinding against him, and enjoying the progress he had made. Was it a couple of hours or a couple of weeks? He took a couple of breaths, "D-Daddy… is a lousy king…" Caving to the role-play, just to keep that nugget of himself together, "And a lousy dad." If it would at least make Scourge address him, acknowledge his presence as a person, it was worth it. But it was so obscenely *degrading* .

"And this Princess is so *lousy* herself… So dirty… So undignified… So *disgraceful* ." Shadow tried his best to be numb to it. But he never could be. It hurt too bad inside. It pained his pride so much. Perhaps it was better that way. That way, he knew he still had pride to be hurt. Scourge kept gripping; groping, scratching and biting, "No decorum… No prestige… Just outright *filth*…" And then, with a brutal thrust, Scourge was inside him again. Hard and filthy, he was inside. Shadow felt his face pushed against the floor as Scourge began his fast, rhythmic pumping.

"NO! OH GOD NO!" Shadow screamed. He could just imagine the wardens outside laughing over his pain. Or he would have, if he could have thought of anything other than that long shaft up his ass. Scourge sped up, and his screams increased. And those uncut nails clawed into him, deep enough to draw more blood, staining his prison jacket. Scourge was pulling at his quills, ruffling them entirely out of their usual slick style. Even pulling a few of them out, making him yell again, "OH GOD! Oh… no more… *D-Daddy*…" He spat out blood again and squeezed his eyes tight shut, trying to stem the flood of tears.

Scourge paused for a moment, still inside him, but the thrusting stopped. Shadow felt the green monstrosity's cheek press against his own. " *What* was that you called me, Pretty Princess..?" he hissed into Shadow's ear gleefully, giving him an unspoken ultimatum… Bend, or be broken…

"Hnnngh…" Shadow shuddered, trying to focus at least the resistance in his head. The pause earned him the act of Scourge rubbing his face against the blood, vomit and faeces on the floor meaningfully. Scourge hadn't made him eat his own shit so far, but there was a first time for everything, "D-Daddy… *please* stop…"

With Scourge's chin on his shoulder, Shadow felt that wicked grin form. He felt Scourge win. And he felt himself lose. Cum-stained, bloody and battered, Shadow had submitted to being beaten. He'd submitted to being owned. Submitted to being weak, even if only for a little while. And on top of him, he heard Scourge give his whoop of victory.

And then the green monster plunged straight back into his nightmarish games, dragging Shadow, screaming and shaking, down into them…

Breech: Come on then. The story continues, but there's a long, LONG way to go before… well, before the end. Which, you should know, hasn't been finalised… Also, leave a review. You read it; tell me what you think!

Ice-Cold Rage

One Of Our Hedgehogs Is Missing

Self-Assertion For Dummies

Check-Up

Race The Sun

Witnesses

A Very Busy Day

Riots, Routers and Fallen Angels

Dial R For Riot

Somebody Who Cares

Rioting For Fun And Profit

Tis Pity She's A Government Agent

The Good, The Bad and the Psychopath

Riotous (And Righteous) Behaviour

I Need A Blood Donor

My Big Fat Mobian Riot

Everything You Need To Know About Riots

The Riot Thing To Do

Wave Your Hands In The Air

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New Tech

And All The Rest

If It's You, It's Okay

Catch A Break?

Life Is Beautiful

Wake Me Up Inside

I Don't Know

Face Down

I Need A Hero

Prophesy

Everybody Loves Gossip

Two For One And One For Two

Transporters

You Should Have Used The Straps

One, Two, Many, Lots

Actions Have Consequences

Evidently The One

Flashback Time!

Terrifying Pleasure

Flying High

The Wrath Of God

Manly Men

An Evil Plot

Overdose

Double Switch

Sleep, Dream Die?

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It's Chapter One-Freaking-Hundred!

More Than Walking

Twofer

That's My Stuff

Master And Student

Blood In The Water

Double Prison

Pragmatic Escapism

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Welcome Back

Heroes Are Always Late

Down Then Up

I Am Shocked!

From The Inside

Make A Phone Call

Home Sweet Home

Exactly What I Wanted

The Ache Inside

Angel's Lips

Toxic Kisses

No You Can't

Accidentally In Love?

In The Back

Shaking Hands

Assassin's Tango

Eppur Si Muove

Shake Your Gun Thing

Absurdly Spacious Sewer

Down The Drain

Acrophobia

Answers Unquestioned

Nobody's Just Anything

This Machine

Who You Gonna Call?

Portmanteaus Are Funny Too

This Is Not The End